TOM THUMB,

His Life and Death;

Wherein is declared many marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of wonder and ſtrange merriment:

Which little Knight lived in King *Arthur*'s time, in the *Court* of *Great-Britain*.

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Of the Life and Death of TOM THUMB.

Of the Birth, Name, and bringing up of *Tom Thumb*, with the merry pranks he did in his Child hood.

IN *Arthurs* Court *Tom Thumb* did live,
a man of meikle might,
The beſt of all the Table round,
and eke a doughty Knight.
His ſtature but an inch of hight,
or quarter of a ſpan.
Then think ye not this valiant Knight
was prov'd a valiant man.
His Father was a Plow-man plain,
his mother milkt the Cow,
But yet a way to get a ſon,
theſe couple knew not how,
Until ſuch time the good old man
to learned *Merlin* goes,
And there to him in deep diſtreſs,
in ſecret manner ſhows,
How in his heart he wiſht to have
a child in time to come,
To be his Heir: though he might be
no bigger than his Thumb.
Of which old *Merlin* was foretold
that he his wiſh ſhould have:
And ſo his ſon of ſtature ſmall
the charmer to him gave.
No blood nor bones in him ſhould be,
in ſhape and Beeing ſuch,
That man ſhould hear him ſpeak, but not
his wandring ſhadow touch.
But ſo unſeen to go or come,
whereas it pleaſ'd him ſtill,
Begat and born in half an hour
to fit his Fathers will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
that he became so tall,
As was the Plough-mans thumb in hight,
and so they did him call.
Tom Thumb the which the Fairy Queen
there gave him to his name,
Who with her train of Goblins grim
unto the Christening came.
Whereas she cloth'd him richly brave
in garments fine and fair:
Which lasted him for many years,
in seemly sort to wear:
His hat made of an Oken leaf,
his shirt a speeders web:
Both slight and soft, for these his limbs,
that were so smally bred.
His hose and doublet thistle down
together weav'd full fine,
His stockings of an Apple green
made of the outward rhine.
His garters were two little hairs,
pull'd from his mothers eye;
His hose and shooes a mouses skin:
there tann'd most curiously.
Thus like a valiant gallant he
adventured forth to go;
With other children in the streets,
his pretty tricks to show.
Where he for Counters, Pins and Points
and Cherry-stones did play:
Till he amongst those gamsters young
had lost his stock away.
Yet he could soon renew the same,
when as most nimbly he
Would dive into the Cherry-bags,
and there partaker be. Un-

O:

Unſeen or felt of any one
unto a Schollar ſhut,
This nimble youth into a box,
wherein his pins he put.
Of whom to be reveng'd he took
in mirth and pleaſant game,
Black pots and glaſſes which he hung
upon a bright Sun beam:
The other Boyes to do the ſame,
in pieces broke them quite:
For which they were moſt ſoundly whipt
whereat he laught out-right,
And ſo *Tom Thumb* reſtrained was
from this his ſport and play:
And by his Mother after that
compell'd at home to ſtay:
Whereas about at Chriſtmas time
his Father a Hog had kill'd,
And *Tom* to ſee the Puddings made,
feard that they would be ſpoil'd.

How Tom Thumb *fell into the* Pudding bole, *and of his eſcape out of the* Tinkers budgets.

HE ſat upon the Pudding bole,
the candle for to hold,
Of which there is unto this day
a pretty paſtime told:
For *Tom* fell in and could not be
for ever after found;
For in the blood and batter he
was loſt, and ſtrangely found.
Where ſearching long, but all in vain
his mother after that,
Into a Pudding put her ſon,
in ſtead of minced fat.
Which Pudding of the largeſt ſize,
into the Kettle thrown, Made

Made all the reſt to fly thereout,
as with a whirl-wind blown.
For ſo it tumbled up and down
within the liquor there,
As if the devil had been boil'd,
ſuch was his mothers fear.
That up ſhe took the Pudding ſtraight:
and gave it at the door,
Unto a Tinker, which from thence
in his black budget bore.
But as a Tinker climb'd a ſtile,
he chanc'd to let a crack,
Now gape old man now cry'd *Tom Thumb*,
there hanging at his back,
At which the Tinker gan to run,
and would no longer ſtay,
But caſt both bag and pudding down,
and thence hy'd faſt away.
From which *Tom Thumb* got looſe at laſt,
and home return'd again.
Where he found following dangers long
in ſafety did remain,
Till ſuch time his mother went
a milking of her kine
Where *Tom* unto a thiſtle faſt
ſhe linked to a twine.

How Tom Thumb *was tyed to a thiſtle, and how his mothers Cow eat him up, with his ſtrange deliverance out of the Cows belly.*

A Threed that held to him the ſame,
for fear the bluſtring wind,
Should blow thence, ſo that ſhe might
her ſon in ſafety find:
But mark the hap, a cow came by
and up the thiſtle eat:
Poor *Tom* withal (that as a Dock,) was

was made the red Cows meat.
Who being miſt, his mother went
him calling every where,
Where art thou *Tom*, where art thou *Tom*
quoth he, here mother, here,
Within the Red Cows belly here,
your ſon is ſwallowed up:
The which unto her woful heart
moſt fearful dolour put,
Mean while the Cow was troubled much
in this her tumbling womb:
And could not reſt, until that ſhe
had backward caſt *Tom Thumb*,
Who all beſmeared as he was,
his mother took him up:
The which to bear him hence poor lad,
ſhe in her pocket put.
Now after this, in ſowing time
his Father would him have,
Into the field to drive his plough,
and therewithal him gave
A whip, made of a barley ſtraw,
to drive the cattel on.
Where in the furrow'd land new ſown,
poor *Tom* was loſt and gone.

How Tom Thumb *was carried away by a Raven, and how he was ſwallowed up by a Gyant, with other ſtrange accidents that befel him.*

NOw by the Raven of great ſtrength
away he hence was born.
And carryed there on carryons back,
even like a grain of corn.
Unto a Gyants Caſtle top,
in which he let him fall,
Where ſoon the Gyant ſwallowed up
his body clothes and all.

But

But in his belly did *Tom Thumb*
so great a rumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
the ſmalleſt quiet take,
Until the Gyant had him ſpu'd
three myles into the ſea,
Therfore a fiſh ſoon took him up,
and bore him thence away:
Which luſty fiſh was after caught,
and to King *Arthur* ſent;
Where *Tom* was found& made his dwarf,
whereas his days he ſpent
Long time in lively jollity
beloved of the Court,
And none like *Tom* was then eſteem'd
among the noble ſort.
Amongſt his deeds of Courtſhip done
his Highneſs did command
That he would dance a Galliard brave
upon the Queens left hand.
The which he did, and for the ſame
the King his Signet gave:
Which *Tom* about his middle wore
long time a girdle brave.
Now after this the King would not
abroad for pleaſure go,
But ſtill *Tom Tumb* muſt ride with him,
plac'd on his ſaddle bow.
Where on a time when as it rain'd
Tom Thumb moſt nimbly creept
Into a button hole, where he
within his boſom ſlept.
And being near his Highneſs heart
he crav'd a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the King
commanded to be done.

or to relieve his fathers wants
and mothers, being old:
Which was as much of silver coyn,
as well his arms could hold,
And so away goes lusty *Tom*
with three pence on his back;
A heavy burden which may make,
his wearied limbs to crack.
So travelling two days and nights,
with labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereas
his parents did remain.
Which was but half a myle in space
from good King *Arthur*'s Court,
The which in eight and fourty hours
he went in very short:
But coming to his fathers door,
he there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoyce,
and he thereat was glad.
His mother in an apron took
her gentle son in haste,
And by the fire side within
a wall-nut-shell him plac'd,
Whereas they feasted him three days
upon an huzle nut:
Wherein he ryoted so long,
he them to charges put.
And thereupon grew wondrous sick
through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month.
for this great man to eat:
But now his business call'd him forth
King *Arthurs* Court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same,
he could a stranger be.

But a few ſmall *April* drops
which ſetled on the way,
His long and weary journey forth
did hinder and to ſtay.
Until his careful Father took
a birding trunk in ſport,
And with one blaſt blew this his ſon
into King *Arthurs* Court.

Of Tom Thumbs *running a tilt: with divers other mighty exerciſes by him performed.*

NOw he with Tilts and Turnaments
was entertained ſo,
That all the reſt of *Arthurs* Knights
did him much pleaſure ſhow.
And good Sir *Lancelot* of *Lake*,
Sir *Triſtrum* and Sir *Guy*,
Yet none compared with brave Tom Thumb
for knightly Chivalry:
In honour of which noble day,
and for his Ladys ſake,
A challenge in King *Arthurs* Court
Tom Thumb did bravely make.
'Gainſt whom theſe noble Knights
Sir *Chinon* and the reſt (did run,
But ſtill *Tom Thumb* with all his might,
did bear away the beſt.
At laſt Sir *Lancelot* of *Lake*
in manly ſort came in,
And with this ſtout and hardy knight
a battel did begin,
Which made the Courtiers all agaſt,
for there that valiant man,
Through *Lancelots* ſteed before them all
in nimble manner ran.
Yea, horſe and all with ſpear and ſhield,
as hardly he was ſeen. But

ut only by King *Arthur*'s ſelf,
and his admired Queen,
Whom from her finger took a Ring
through which Tom Thumb made way.
Not touching it in ſimple ſort,
as it had been in play.
He likewiſe cliſt the ſmalleſt hair
from the fair Ladyes head.
Not hurting her whoſe even hand
him laſting honours bred,
uch were his deeds and noble acts,
In *Arthur*'s Court there ſhown,
s like in all the World beſides,
was hardly ſeen or known.

How Tom Thumb *did take his ſickneſs, and of his Death and Burial.*

NOw at theſe ſports he toyld himſelf,
that he a ſickneſs took
Through which all manly exerciſe,
he carleſly forſook:
Where lying on his bed ſore ſick,
King *Arthur*'s Doctors came
With cunning skill by Phiſicks art,
to eaſe and cure the ſame.
He being ſlender and not tal,
this cunning Doctor took
A fine proſpective Glaſs, with which
he did in ſecret look.
Into his ſickly body down,
and therein ſaw that death
Stood ready in his waſted guts
to ſeize his vital breath.
His arms and legs conſum'd as ſmall
as was a ſpiders web,
Through which his dying hours grew on
for all his limbs grew dead. His

His face no bigger than an Ants
which hardly could be seen:
The loss of which renowned Knight
much griev'd the King and Queen.
And so with peace and quietness,
he left the earth below.
And up into the Fairy Land
his ghost did fading go.
Whereas the fairy Queen receiv'd
with happy mourning chear,
The body of this valiant Knight,
whom they esteem'd so dear.
For with her dancing Nymphs in green,
she fetcht him from his bed.
With mylick and sweet melody,
so soon as life was fled.
For when King *Arthur* & his Knight,
full fourty days did mourn,
And in remembrance of his name
that was so strangely born,
He built a tomb of marble gray,
and year by year did come
To celebrate the mournful day
and burial of *Tom Thumb*.
Whose fame lyes here in *England* still
among the country sort:
Of whom our wives, and children small
tell tales of pleasant sport.

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